

The only name in your mouth

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The only name in your mouth

by [Flightless Bird](#)

Summary

“Well,” Hannibal said, lifting his own fork again, “I hope you’ve thought of an adequate explanation for dear Celia.”

“Already did,” Will answered into the rim of his glass.

“And what’s that?”

““I killed your husband.””

Or: Hannibal and Will have settled into their new life nicely.

Notes

Holy shit, this really took on a mind of its own.

I got the idea for Will wanting to kill a rude dinner guest of theirs and then it all kinda snowballed into this haha

This is technically part 3 of the series where Will and Hannibal finally run away together, but I’m fairly sure it can be read alone. Here are some more detailed warnings before you go into this:

- there is mention of a character being drugged
- lots of sexism and fatphobia from a character. He sucks
- eye horror
- implied non-consensual sex in the context of a fantasy, very vague and only mentioned once

I think those are all my detailed warnings i should give for you going into this.

I had an absolute blast writing this, these two are so dark and lovely to write together and I’m very excited to share. If you enjoy reading, please consider commenting to let me know you did—it makes my day and i love hearing from you. :)

Thank you so much for reading <3

“I mean, don’t get me wrong, her singing was decent enough, but she was the size of a pickup truck.” Carl Danning, their *esteemed* dinner guest, chuckled to himself as he set down his glass of wine. “I was shocked she even fit into that dress.”

“Oh, Carl, stop it,” his wife, Celia, pleaded from across the table. She looked as though she might cry.

“What? I’m not saying anything that wasn’t obvious. Isn’t that right, Mr. Lecter?”

Not looking up from his plate, Will muttered, “uh-huh” instead of *I will beat you to death with your own spine*.

When Hannibal had insisted on inviting the two over to get in good graces with their new neighbors, this was not what Will had had in mind. It couldn’t have been what Hannibal had been imagining either; if he’d known how utterly insufferable Carl Danning could be, it was unlikely the man would even be able to speak currently.

Hannibal had spent the better half of the last two hours allowing Carl to ramble on endlessly, busying himself with attempting to hold conversation with his poor wife, effectively ignoring Carl. This, however, meant that he’d latched onto the only other person there who could still listen to him: Will.

“Celia likes to act like she’s above all that, but I know her,” Carl went on, twirling pasta around his fork. He pushed a greying strand of hair back up his forehead and spoke around his next bite. “All women are the same that way, y’know? Wanna act like they have talent or—god forbid—*intelligence*, but really, it all comes down to looks.”

Will grunted a half-hearted reply. He’d been gripping his glass hard enough to feel sore in the knuckles, tapping his index finger against it irritably.

“Even in their interest in men, they’re like that! Celia likes to say she’d stay with me no matter what, but I know the minute someone she thinks is more attractive or rich comes around, she’d jump at the chance.”

Instead of answering, Will shot Hannibal a glare over the table.

Hannibal caught his eye over the rim of his glass and arched a brow questioningly.

Will raised his eyebrows: *are you gonna handle this?*

Hannibal sent a pointed glance at Celia next to him, where she was still desperately trying to keep up a semblance of normal conversation in between her husband’s antics.

Rolling his eyes, Will went back to glowering down at his plate.

“You ever been married, Mr. Lecter?” Carl asked suddenly, grinning at Will.

“Yes,” Will bit out. “Not anymore.”

Carl snapped his fingers. “Bet it was because she found something better, huh? Someone richer?”

Will would’ve burst out laughing if he had an ounce of humor left in him after this dinner. “Something like that.”

“See? See? He gets it.” Carl elbowed Will in the side like they were buddies out getting drinks together, sharing a great secret.

“I’m going to put this fork through your eye socket,” Will told him simply.

“Oh—and back to the singer today,” Carl continued, laughing around another long sip of wine; he hadn’t seemed to have heard. “Did anyone else notice that she—?”

Celia took a very large breath, and placed her folded napkin politely on the tabletop. “I’m so sorry, I’m just going to step away for a moment,” she apologized, giving a watery smile to Will and then Hannibal. There were unshed tears glistening in her dark brown eyes as she stood up.

Hannibal returned her smile with a much calmer one. “Of course, it’s not a problem at all, Mrs. Danning.” His eyes tracked her discreetly from her chair to the entryway, taking note of the moment she entered the hall and disappeared from view. Then he turned back to his own food and continued to be, in Will’s opinion, completely unhelpful.

“I see you looking at her, Dr. Fell,” Carl sneered, somehow sounding pleased by the news.

Hannibal didn’t even look up at him. “Excuse me?”

“Oh, don’t worry, I understand. She’s not much in the face, but elsewhere—“

His voice broke into a choked gurgle as Will drove his fork deep into his right eye, stood up, seized the back of his head in one hand, and slammed his face down onto the table.

The whole ordeal took less than thirty seconds.

Will sat back down, picked up his glass, and heaved a long, hard sigh into the resulting silence. Blood was already beginning to pool in Carl’s plate, haloing around his head in deep scarlet.

“Well,” Hannibal said, lifting his own fork again, “I hope you’ve thought of an adequate explanation for dear Celia.”

“Already did,” Will answered into the rim of his glass.

“And what’s that?”

“I killed your husband.”

“I’m sure that will go over well.”

Carl's blood was spilling over the plate now and seeping into the tablecloth. Will realized with a hint of annoyance that he now no longer had a fork to eat with. Grasping the back of Carl's collar, he lifted his head up enough to find the end of his fork peeking out of his mangled eye.

Hannibal blinked as Will yanked it out. "I thought you didn't like your meat rare," he remarked with an amused smile.

"This is blood, it doesn't count."

"There is absolutely more than that, Will."

The absurdity of their fond bickering over such a topic brought a huff of laughter out of Will. Setting his elbow back on the table, he rested his cheek on his hand, and surveyed the bloody fork in the other. "It doesn't bother you, does it, Doctor Lecter?" he asked, close to a purr.

Hannibal stilled under the heated look tossed at him from those stormcloud blue eyes. "What do you think?" he asked, in that tone he only used when someone was about to die or Will was about to be pinned against something.

Instead of answering, Will held his gaze as he took the fork in his mouth and sucked the blood from it.

Hannibal looked about to stand and pull Will into kiss over the table.

Then Celia Danning screamed from the doorway and Will was so startled, he had to stop himself from breaking his teeth on the fork tines.

Will had just started to take his suit jacket off when Hannibal said it.

"Why did you tell Mr. Danning you weren't married anymore?"

With his arm still in one sleeve, Will barked a laugh. "Because I'm not," he answered with a cheeky half-grin thrown over his shoulder to Hannibal. "We're not official, remember?"

Hannibal had trailed after him into the bathroom and retreated to the sink, fiddling with a toothbrush with no clear plan to use it. At Will's reply, he sighed, casting a hopeless look up to the ceiling as though to ask it, *can you believe him?* "I suppose..."

They were in the bathroom, an hour or two after dinner. As predicted, Celia hadn't taken the news the way Will had hoped, and needed to be drugged unconscious to stop panicking. Hannibal was fairly skilled in that sort of thing, so it hadn't taken long, and then the two of them drove her home. It wasn't the first time someone had seen them kill and actually survived the affair; Hannibal was familiar enough with what to use to fog someone's memory

and they never stayed in the same place for long. Afterward (and after cleaning up Carl Danning), Will had wanted a shower. So here they were, finished with a murder and discussing marriage.

Having abandoned the jacket now, Will started on the buttons of his shirt. “You know, if it bothers you so much, you could just marry me,” he told Hannibal warmly. “You’re the one good with all the logistics of criminal paperwork, so it’s kinda on you.”

Hannibal’s only response to that was an exasperated glare in Will’s direction, making him laugh again. He knew that if Hannibal Lecter wanted something done—even something as ridiculous as a cannibal-FBI-agent marriage—he’d get it done. But it could be tedious and he liked to make a fuss.

“...I just don’t appreciate how much he fixated on Molly.”

That had Will almost doubled over. “He *hardly* fixated on Molly—*You*, though, you always fixate on her, every time she’s brought up.”

“I do not,” Hannibal argued. It was such an uncharacteristically childish response, and very endearing coming from him.

Will rolled his eyes, reaching for the bottom of his shirt and tugging to untuck it from his waistband. “Yes, you do,” he returned, and then in a low, teasing tone, “you’re jealous.”

“Why would I be jealous of someone who is no longer in your life?”

“Because she was in my life first?”

“I knew you for years before her,” Hannibal sniffed, lifting his chin.

“Romantically, I mean.” There was a lull in the conversation that made Will look at Hannibal again, only to find him with the most *you’re kidding, right?* frown he’d ever seen. “Okay, the first to be in an actual relationship with me,” Will amended, “not just give me those looks you did or stab me lovingly.”

Hannibal didn’t try to argue with that. Evidently giving up on whatever he’d found interesting in his toothbrush, he drifted closer as Will reached up to turn on the shower. His gaze wandered idly over him, down his chest and pausing on the scar arcing across his stomach. Will felt suddenly warm, and it had nothing to do with the hot water now lifting steam into the air between them.

Hannibal cocked his head. “I still don’t see why you’re obsessed with seeing me jealous.”

“I like it,” Will confessed, shouldering out of his shirt. He could feel those heat-colored eyes on him all the while. “It makes me feel wanted—and by you, of all people. For years, I stood outside your cell—“ He swallowed. “—loving you, and I was sure I couldn’t have you. I thought I was the only one who felt that way between us. And now I know that you felt it too. I can’t get enough of that. I don’t think I fully believe it’s real.” He dropped his shirt,

something he knew got on Hannibal's nerves, and Hannibal moved to catch it before it hit the floor.

The motion brought them within inches of one another. Hannibal had caught the shirt up against Will's chest, hand splayed there over his heart. Will knew he could feel the way it raced.

Hannibal appeared to come to some decision because he huffed out, "*fine*. I was jealous. Viciously. I ached to kill her."

"You tried to." Will laid his hand over Hannibal's, tracing his knuckles. The shirt between them slipped away and he sucked in a sharp breath as Hannibal's palm smoothed across his skin, down toward his stomach.

"Yes. The idea of someone else with you, knowing you in ways I hadn't, drove me mad." Hannibal rested their foreheads together when Will lifted his hands to cradle Hannibal's jaw, but didn't close their distance yet. "Do you know how many nights I was kept awake by the thought of it?" he asked on a breath. "Of someone else sleeping next to you, waking up to you, fucking you?" He didn't curse often and the word *fuck* on his tongue had a shiver crawling down Will's spine. "Knowing that someone else had you look at them the way you used to look at me."

"I don't think I ever felt for Molly the way I felt for you," Will argued breathlessly.

"But you were still with her."

"Did you ever imagine stealing me from her?"

"Constantly," Hannibal growled. "I'd drag you away, or make you watch me kill her. I thought of how you'd fight back at first, knowing that you'd give in eventually." His thumb ran along the length of Will's scar. "Sometimes I kept her alive to watch me do this to you."

"You're awful," Will murmured. "I love you."

Hannibal let Will kiss him then, breathing him in, sliding his hands around Will's waist and up his back. Will was three inches taller, and it always lit up something in him to tip Hannibal's chin up to press their mouths together. He could still remember the taste of Carl Danning's blood, and suddenly couldn't stand it. He bit down on Hannibal's bottom lip, until he tasted copper and wine, and could soothe his tongue over it. Hannibal practically snarled, nails raking into Will's back.

Will didn't think when he all but ripped the jacket and tie from Hannibal, delighted when Hannibal's hands bumped into his as he helped Will work his collar open. They definitely popped a few buttons loose to scatter across the floor and Will grinned against Hannibal.

"Impatient?"

"For you?" Hannibal sucked his own blood off of Will's lower lip. "Always."

Fuck. Twisting his hands in the front of Hannibal's shirt, Will dragged the two of them into the shower; he didn't bother to hide how he fumbled open the door in his hurry to get inside while touching Hannibal as much as physically possible. Hannibal laughed, a wonderful silken sound, and Will loved him more every second.

Without stopping to complain about the water seeping through their remaining clothes, Hannibal slipped his hand between Will's legs and traced his inseam with his thumb. Will gasped, fingers curling in Hannibal's hair. "You're such a tease," he rasped, and Hannibal smirked. He didn't make Will wait any longer, undoing his belt and pants, and sliding his hands inside. Will felt the press of fingertips against him, to start opening him up, and he moaned as he dropped his head down onto Hannibal's shoulder. His legs shook and Hannibal was carrying part of his weight now, letting Will cling to his shoulders against the glass wall of the shower. It almost mirrored the way he'd collapsed against him when the knife had pierced beneath his ribs and that shouldn't have been a turn-on for Will, but fuck, it was. He whimpered into Hannibal's collarbone and felt Hannibal wrap his free hand around the back of his neck possessively.

"I'm ready," Will gasped once he'd started rocking back onto Hannibal's fingers.

"Are you s—?"

"*Yes.*"

It was barely out of his mouth before he had his hands on Hannibal, helping him shove out of the last of their clothes and leave them soaking on the shower floor. Hannibal gripped him by the hips and Will's pulse rocketed as he was turned around and braced against the wall. His fingertips smeared lines through the steam there when Hannibal sank into him, a desperate groan choked off in his throat.

Hannibal kissed his shoulder, hands running over his hipbones. "Are you all right?" he asked, voice shuddery with the effort of holding back. It had been a surprise their first time, for Will to find out how attentive and careful Hannibal was with him. It was fucking hot.

"Move," Will pleaded.

Hannibal's teeth scraped over the back of his neck and he reached one hand up to caress the curve of Will's throat. "Say please."

Will's breath fogged up the shower door. "*Please.*"

Hannibal rocked his hips forward and Will couldn't hold back the noise he let out. The hot water hissed down around them, slicking his hair to his forehead, and Hannibal was licking drops from his shoulder as his body shoved Will's up against the glass shower wall, and Will was dizzy with it.

"*Oh*—don't stop," he moaned, muffled into the arm he had braced against the glass.

"I'd never, darling," Hannibal promised. His voice shook and he planted his hand over Will's on the wall, interlacing their fingers.

Will's heart felt as though it might burst open. "I'm yours," he choked out. "No one else's. I've never been anyone else's."

Hannibal's hips stuttered. "*Will*."

"Not even—"

The hand still around Will's throat tightened, just enough to make him tip his head back. "The only name I want in your mouth right now is mine," Hannibal growled.

Will obeyed, Hannibal's name gasping out of him, soft, and then higher, strangled and cried out against the glass as he came, Hannibal holding him up and fucking him through the aftershocks. Hannibal tipped over the edge with him, breathing *I love you's* into Will's shoulder as he did.

Will leaned his forehead against the wall, panting as he let the tremors in him subside and waited for Hannibal's grasp around his neck weaken. When it did, alongside a heady sigh from Hannibal behind him, Will shifted, whining softly as they separated. Turning to face Hannibal again, he smoothed his thumbs over his jaw and admired the haziness in those wine-red eyes. Water had sent strands of black hair down over his brow, and he was still flushed, blood lingering from his bitten lip. It struck Will that nobody else would ever get to see Hannibal like this, or be the reason for it. He angled Hannibal's head up to kiss him again, softer than before, and Hannibal sighed again into it.

"Run away with me?" Will murmured, nearly inaudible over the sound of the shower running. It had become what they said, just after something like killing or making love.

Hannibal smiled, pulling him closer. "Anywhere you want."

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